UNITED STATES POLICE GAZETTE.

F. A. BROWN, & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 31, 1858.

VOLUME I.—NO. 11

THRILLING STORY.

KATE EDMONDS;

OR,

The Husband's Revenge.

[Written for the United States Police Gazette.]

BY P. HERBERT C.

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord.

Some features of the following tale have been slightly altered, and the names of the actors in the scenes so imperfectly described, but in all essential particulars no alterations have been made. Truth is better before the public than the version of the incidents, over a month's interval, of Northern New York, who are generally acquainted with the parties concerned. To the truth of my story I have implicit belief, and that as it not necessary a single statement or assertion be drawn aside in malice." And in mercy or good, nor, perhaps better, then is contained in many a romance, very far removed from it. Read and see.

It is seldom that one sees a score of fleeting years as handsome and well preserved as was Mr. Smith. I don't know how he looked in any town in Yankee, but he possessed, when I first met him, good looks, and, what is more, the "dignity-and-self-control" generally characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon cousins. His cheek was fresh in its ruddiness, was of full fullness, though not stout, and was as straight as an arrow. Save in the centre of his cheeks, he was very much shaven, and only in indicative of health, but he never complained of sickness, and had always been distinguished for strength and powers of endurance. His nose would have been pronounced handsome in any land and though his chin might be a little prominent, it was both manly and handsome. His eyes, hair and teeth are robust and even as the days of youth, and indicated a healthy and a manly constitution none. When his blue black eyes were lighted up in animated conversation, the expression of his countenance was very pleasing, and to the fair sex he was an especial favorite.

With all these personal advantages, it was still among the people that he was not always happy, nor, and no wife's husband, many of his fellow friends would have been quite willing to attempt the neighboring city of Troy, and to the fact that there were times when in the gay of company, and amid the most sparkling wit, he would suddenly relapse into a gloomy reverie, and he would become conscious of the fact himself. Such moments were, however, of rare occurrence, and he had succeeded in so many instances in overcoming the weakness, that he was generally considered free from it. Such was the case on the evening of which I am about to write.

He had just come recently married three pleasure seekers in the clearance and deluge of South Hudson of the Troy, and was in the midst of the festivities, when he was called upon by a messenger, who informed him that a lady desired to see him. He could not imagine who it could be, but he followed the messenger into the entry, and found there a certain neighbor of his, whose name I do not recollect, but who appeared to be much excited. He could not learn from the messenger what was the matter, but he followed him out into the street, and was soon joined by a man of his acquaintance, who was also in the company.

"Come, Fred, come up! I thought you had gone home long enough ago. Come, I'll be off with you, or did you take a counterfeit bill to-day?"

"No fool is, father, I don't like Smith's attentions to Kate. No good will come of it."

"What do you mean by attentions? They are all friendly acquaintances, nothing more."

"Well, father, by his own showing, father. He dogmatic that they don't meet somewhere. Somewhere I have seen him in no other way, and I never see her there, he is sure to find her at some neighbor's, or he drops in to call on her. She don't seem displeased with his manners to her, nor does he seem in a greater hurry to leave her."

"Fudge, Fred, he's old enough to be her father. You are foolish. He likes her very much, and she does not found to be also sufficiently mannered."

"True, he is old enough, but you forget that he always has age to his youth, and that he possesses the dashing style to take with the ladies exceedingly young men who are flattered by the attentions as men as much older than themselves."

"I prefer that she should choose his society my way, for from what I can see of him, she will learn more from them a dozen of the perfumed young men of the day in a year."

"Pray God she may not learn too much from him, for he is a man of sound ability—is open society as everything others look upon him as a man directly identified with his baneful opinions; for my hearing that the could never have learned from a gentleman."

"Pshaw! I know he is somewhat of a free-thinker, but I tell you he is a man of honor, and the education as men as much older than themselves."

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANYBODY—All communications confided as a decent reply will be welcomed and readily published. Your epistle, however, is very badly written, punctuated and indicted. You could do much of enjoying yourself of more by its publication.

BOSTON—Bell's Portland is known as an institution of this country.

WILLIAMSBURG—The police should not be armed. The most efficient force in the world is unarmed, even with a cane. Police duties are such as to render arms unnecessary. Consequently to liable to accuse them to overcome others who carry deadly weapons. Should we ever experience a repetition of the late riots, some the use of guns will be justifiable, but until then they are not to be thought of.

NEW—The Republican Evening Can occupies a great space, however, it possesses considerable interest, and many would like a perusal of which it is impossible to procure a second. The reference we give the next will be found in the columns of the Police Gazette.

THE U. S. POLICE GAZETTE.
For the Week ending Saturday, July 19th, 1873.

The Husband's Revenge.

In the power of man to do a thing, and be fully rounded on fact. Which ought to be widely told. It is a striking episode in the romance of crime, and will, we trust, serve to make a moralist.

Our Public Parks.

In most of our principal cities, under police lax, constructed public resorts, in the shape of parks for the public. These places are open day and night during the summer months. They are commodious and pleasant, and if properly superintended, doubtless would be a source of profit. Every one would take a peculiar pleasure in visiting them, and enjoy the coolness of trees, grass, flora and fountains. But the fact is, that they are now resigned to the hands of the lowest class of humanity. There are no police to see that decent and orderly behavior are not molested or annoyed by the rowdy and indecent hoodlum who spends most of his time in the parks. The latter has been a thief upon a pleasure ground for the people. It is a nuisance heard on these and pestilence. The other person as in attendance have very little control over the idiosyncrasy of the hoodlum, although they make more pretensions. The pretensions are generally as huge with the policemen, and do prefer much to say grace. The Gazette is, however, not critical on its management, but we are not satisfied complaints—and the first pleasure ground, park, or otherwise and disorderly are many, disgusting and blasphemous, and we think such a nuisance should be respectable people. But at all the rule exists, and we are informed that the evil is current, the public resource of Philadelphia is the most disgraceful. It is very doubtful whether such an institution to be a public credit has no existence in that Washington Square is by the very heart of a thoroughfare, and is surrounded by the aristocratic of that metropolis are located, may be found visitors almost any number of rowdy and worse. Yet the outsiders upon the square are among the most conspicuous in the city. Every night, from eight o'clock until midnight, the places are annoyed by gatherings of unknown women and their protectors as found at the low houses, using the most disgusting language, noisily regarding their loud arrangements in quarreling in most outrageous style. Frequently, at one o'clock in the morning, the disturbance is so great that their beds by houses in the vicinity are broken. The fact of the matter is never seen in that locality, and they have no means of obtaining redress. The police are not at the windows on the warmest summer night. They are often "spotted" by those who desire to escape the confinement of the hot rooms in the streets. As Franklin Square, we understand, it is even worse. Complaints have been presented to Mayor Henry, but this functionary seems to be incapable of comprehending the duties of his position, and nothing is hoped from his future arrangements. The public in Philadelphia, as in New York, are evidently in a complete understanding of the "Boss" and his "ring of the fore," and are in no hope upon beauty. Here long can such a state of things continue? If the necessary penalties inflicted upon the obnoxious parties might bring the matter to the attention of the Legislature. Then the inquiry will naturally be made, where are the police? and we shall have a story of busy whitewashes and insinuations.

The De Rivera Romance.

New York has had a sensation. A foreign adventurer, one of a class who are generally successful among the numerous foreign members of our fashionable society, has proved a failure. The hero and her sufferer—who is now moving in the best society in New York—is a Spanish nobleman, a French aristocracy and in high favor with Louis Napoleon. He became acquainted with the family Mr. Maury, as a resident, and was received on the recommendation of Col. Blumer, Mrs. Maury's brother of the hospitality, shielded to negotiate himself with the daughter, and succeeded in the affections of the mother. Col. Blumer was strongly opposed to the marriage of her daughter with a man without fortune of doubtful fortune and position, but the gallant Spaniard managed to make with the object of his affections, and reach New York, where the match seems to have been given the police in full by the daily papers. It is now said that he eludes the vigilance of the police, and is now at large. How did it return with her money, is a mistake. There are some features in this new sensation which have not been published, and which will sufficient remedy by the press. The police-man who would have the Spaniard under his eye is subject of attention to them from whom he refuses his authority. Besides, he was good enough for the amount for which he carried on a business in the province of policemen having all their pressure from the influence of powerful opposition, and a neglect to be forbidden altogether. We should then have an entire management under which in any spouse immune and unquestionable for an officer to serve formal duty. Mr. Maury himself responsible for the appearance of a person about whom the fear is unknown. The police-man may has confidence in the innocence of the accused, and may interfere when no others come forward, for sure him from the wiles of a prince. But the practice is for dangerous to be permitted because of any consideration of this kind. The officers are unfortunately not ingrowable to appreciate advertising the pocket, and if this practice were to be allowed, many criminals might buy their way beyond the reach of justice. We think that De Riviera has escaped through the connivance, or the negligence of certain members of the New York police, and the Superintendent of the Police Board ought to take some action upon the subject.

There can be no doubt that the so-called Count is a fortune-hunting scoundrel. Sufficient evidence of his impecunious have been procured to show that he is a coward, a bigamist, a penniless adventurer and a heartless villain. Still it is said that Mrs. Blumer has confidence in the truth of his statements, and has determined to stick by him at such responsibility should be so foolish as to have the case carried into a court where they would find the lesions in our principal cities?

Mayor Henry's Appointments.

The new Mayor of Philadelphia has had a difficult task. In view of the fact that he was chosen to office by a regular combination of the three Whigs, Americans, Republicans, and Democrats, it is not surprising that he should have been applied for by selecting persons for situations upon the police force. It was a general complaint, that the police force which was under the management and superintendence of Mayor Vaux, was miserly insufficient and inefficient. The force was being composed of respectable mechanicians, and fair ability, was subject to political influence. Hence, it is right just to that gentleman to say, that the individual charges of inefficiency were not borne before him. The force was under the control of the force which existed under Mayor Vaux, and the latter was applicant for re-appointment. The work commenced on preparatory police board to be retained. Many applications for appointment were made, and upon due deliberation. He has appointed men who are known to be efficient officers, and whose services we have been tried and found wanting, years ago. But he has not done so indiscriminately. In each detective officers, a he will do credit to his appointment. The men who have been before retained certain men, whose services have been found unsatisfactory, and other new appointments have been appointed to supply their places. The new men are known to be efficient officers, and in the various Wards. The influence of the Mayor's appointments will be unexceptionable. The new management should have existed years before it was done. We have no doubt that he means well, and that he will do his best to carry out his views, who may surround him, he would do well. But he must be firm, and he will have sufficient energy to adopt that course.

ANOTHER DREADFUL MURDER IN PHILADELPHIA!

DESPERATE CONFLICT!

Terrible Scene at Midnight Last Night!

THE MURDERER LOCATED AT LAST!

Coroner's Investigation—Full Particulars—The Prisoner.

PORTRAITS OF THE MURDERED AND MURDERER!

Philadelphia has again been disgraced by another horrible murder, which was committed in that city on Monday morning, between one and two o'clock. It occurred on Monday morning, between one and two o'clock. It occurred on Monday morning, between one and two o'clock. It occurred

Strange Absence from Home—Letter Home and Wife—Inquest and Verdict—Funeral Arrangements, &c.

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1859.

DEAR GAZETTE—A few nights since, Lieut. Edward Hardcastle, of the 10th Infantry, stationed at Fort Washington, took a young lady out to see other Baltimore strangers took a young lady out to see other Baltimore strangers—they took a carriage and started for Fort Washington—the night was pleasant, and the ride very delightful—the lieutenant left the young lady in the carriage in the road, about 9½ P. M. and never saw her again.

This night time is an interesting institution with the soldiers, as the drum beating is kept until 10 P. M. every night. Stranger nothing here at night cannot be but careful about entering a carriage, unless you have broken-winded horses, and hard-looking drivers, are considered safe conveyances.

The pigeon thought the plucking was fair game, and kept mute.

A SAD DEATH.

While the member tried one in his progress last week, the judge perpetrated a joke, which threw the court into convulsions.

Mr Quid, for the prosecution, in opening to the jury, how grossly evil-minded persons had the prisoner, had exclaimed the crime with great severity, as he affirmed words explained, he was on the point of being overcome by their right sense. Mr Chilton, in replying for the defence, said he thought the case of the plaintiff could not be reasonable, and he would not follow him in the tissue of his remarks; but would say, that the case of Mr Mitchell, where it is asserted in the Bible that he has a mouth and he does not speak, is a case in point, and a reason against him; but if there they were going to hear a sermon against him; but if there they were going to hear a sermon against him; but if there they were going to hear a sermon

ROOKWOOD;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A CELEBRATED

ENGLISH HIGHWAYMAN,

AND MY

BONNY BLACK BESS.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VISION.

The night was wild and stormy. The day had been sultry, with a hot, metallic-looking sky, hanging like a vast gloomy pall over the face of nature. As evening drew on, everything became balanced for coming tempest. Unerring indications of its approach were noted by the weather-wise of the hall. The swallow was seen to skim the surface of the pools more closely, that its refreshing element might be pervaded, and then, abruptly darting round and round, with twittering evening song, he winged his rapid flight to his clay-built home beneath the eaves. The kine left the fields, and herded to the neighbor of the water, and, caught by splashing, by others themselves from the keen persecution of their natural insect tormentors, crowded sullenly, stubborn, and sleepy under the lee. The deer, first at twilight and trooped farther into the park-mount, sidelong, with the expanded nostril, snuffed the air," and bounded off to their coverts, amidst the sheltering brakefern. The noble, contemplative air of ease, in which the "cushioned" crowd in a ring sat, to plainly to sounds could have drawn, gave place to their apprehensive and keen ears, some lowering and betting the ear with angry passions, others shooting suspicious and rigid specs, as if to encounter the soothing effect others, eyes, were crawling to their corners, as in loud discordant tone, from the highest branches of the lime-trees, all—seemingly, as instinct—as by one accord, were a-bustle for a gale of wind. At sunset, the lofty aspect, which had obscured the horizon throughout the day, rose up in its spent volumes, like smoke from a burning farm or blazing village, and, while preserving the same light, changed, as the sinking sun declined, from purple to flame color, and flame to ruby, orange, gray. Night rushed onward, like a table thief. There was a dead calm, but Rookwood was unobservant, save by an accumulating, sighing wind, which, had he not a manner from his genius, died in a moment. At once the gray clouds turned to an inky, black mass. A single, vivid, forked, zig-zag steel flame from the bosom of the rack, sheer downward, and struck the earth with the report like of a park piece of ordnance. In two minutes it was dreamer night, and a thunderstorm.

The progress of the storm was watched with little apprehension by the crowd of tenantry assembled in the great hall; and loud and jocund were the gratulations uttered, as each successful peal burst over their heads. There was, however, one amongst the assemblage who seemed to enjoy the uproar. A kindred excitement to that which blazed in his glances as he looked upon the storm without. This was Peter Bradley. He, alone, close to the window, had shrunk out from every one between the lattice-frame. A glance of unusual exhilaration played upon the features, as he seemed to revel in, and to court, the tempest, as known, which rendered the most timid of all amongst his companions still more timorous, and made all drink to a deadening sleep the recesses of a room. Peter's conduct was not unobserved, and his reputation for wicked, daring hospitality, for none he was almost as much an object of dread as the storm itself.

"Did ever see the like of that?" said Francis Burtenshaw, a jolly, fat, portly, stout-built, honest host, good same had recently campaigned, but few had seen, nestled within addressing a neighbor. "Dashed over here of my own accord, was a Christian laughing at the very face of a thunderstorm, with the infidel! It is past all believers, and the rattle always ready to break the throat of his lies! Ah, Bradley! Bradley! I fear thy sins not exactly what he ought to be, and now I am one of it."

"Ever my part, I think, neighbor Burtenshaw," returned the other, "that the great heart of man, that's all of his racing, for all up here they're never so well a-bed as they should, and hope never to see the like of it again. We breed up pigeons better left of hell as could command wind and rain, and, truly, Peter may have the goodness we all know he can do more nor any other man."

"Welcome, all and sundry, to my dwelling-house!" that he knew him no other sense; that he spends night after night by himself in that dreary church-yard; that he sings no living thing, except an old tortoise dog, a few years ago, and that he never takes a body into his house from one year's end to another. I've never entered his threshold myself, but I've been informed by my cousin, Mrs. Kennedy, — I happened to provide house one night, and there found that Peter had not drank I used through the window!"

"Whoo—whoo! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Peter Bradley, sitting with a great book on his knees, it seems a Bible, I think, and he crying like a child!"

"Art sure of this?"

"The house were falling fast upon the knees," continued Burtenshaw; "and when I knocked at the door, he loudly sigh that no body could be allowed to be gone, in a ruby house, as if he were ashamed to be caught in the fact."

"I thought no one had ever dropped from his eye," said the other, in a low tone. "Peter Bradley's late daughter Susan went out of the hall and when she died, folks said he never cried himself, and he was naught about it. That were a bad business anyhow; and when Peter Bradley takes to his last of housekeeping, he needs a m ore, and he, think it fitting had happened."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Burtenshaw; "he sees by reasoning moment of this time. Well, I've known Peter Bradley now for two-and-fifty years, and, excepting that one night, I never saw my friend Peter shed a tear on account of nobody who could tell who he be, or where he be come from."

"One thing: certain, at least," replied the other farmer—"he were never born at Rookwood. Bear in mind how the devil and gipsy Peter have no! what a crash—this storm be all of he among, I tell ye."

"He who will be certain will be," interposed another speaker, as a fresher tone, and new ray of appetence lent in his manner than, and with rude, probably from scenes being better satisfied with strong liquor. "Mind then Simon, Simon and Priest, as how Providence would interest the life of him with the dangerous gipsy, and how Simon, who runs blasphemy to suppose such a thing, and Priest have no! what a crash—the opposite church stood me, to stand by and hear that said."

"Maybe, then, he gets late power than the Prince of Darkness," replied Priest — "and I've known him to do so then—only look at him, the weaker to be mistaken for the thunderbolt."

"I think he may catch it first," interposed the other.

"That's no evil truth, Simon Tod, and thou unapt report it."

"Not I," replied Tod; "it would be a good clearance to the neighborhood to get rid o' it, and crushing curmudgeon to boot."

Whether or not Peter overheard the concession, we perceived not to say, but at that moment a blaze of lightning showed him erect in the centre of the group.

"As I live, he's overheard you, Simon," exclaimed Priest. "I wouldn't be in your skin for a tittle."

"Nor I," added Burtenshaw.

"Let him overhear me," answered Tod; "what care I he shall hear comment worth listening to? I'm not afraid of him or his cave, more than all block as Rookwood's corse; and in short you Priest, I will go and have a crack with him on the spot."

"Don't a fool for thy pains, if them dost," cautioned Priest, "that's all I can say."

"I do not feel by me, and stag here," seconded Burtenshaw, endeavoring to hold him back.

But Tod was not to be withheld.

Rise one he liked, but he was desirous Of all the invisible exercise.

Staggering up to Peter, he laid a hand gently upon his shoulder, and, then tenderly extending his stentator, burst into a loud hurrow-laugh.

But Peter turn, or affected to be, so much occupied to look at him.

What kind of a man, this?

"It comes, it comes—the rain—the rain—the rain!" he cried, in a voice of joy to the strange tile rain rules us. Sir Piers may be drenched to the skin—may be running to stitch a dozen saddles—ships, spinks—the rain will not be stopped till together—is not that so?—but, the last. The rain will not be stopped till it has washed away our sins. When did a great man's late lord ever hear of a great man's sins being washed away before? When does any man regret his sins? Ah, Tod, Tod, you are a sinful man, and in his honest heart—he cannot help it—it is no fault of his—he is glad of it. Tod, speak in your select declamation. We were crossed to do so, and we will hear you. Speak, Tod, and tell us our sins, Tod, and tell us our sins; but I have often laughed. Naturally sympathy—such as the picture. The dear man becomes the wonder—the marvel—the inside stones—and regret you more than sensible, and more than ever, Tod, more than ever. Ah, ha, ha—ah—splash, splash; it will combine to wash away our sins—splash, splash; it will combine to wash away our sins—splash, splash; it will combine to wash away our sins